

*Prince.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Po.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they adventure vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee'll set vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment, to be our selues.

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shall not see, I lettie them in the wood, our vizards we will change, after we leaue them: and sirra, I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prince.* Yea, but I doubt they will bee too hard for vs.

*Po.* Well, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turned back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, he forswears armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat Rogue will tel vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of these, lies the iest.

*Prince.* Well, he goe with thee, provide vs all things necessary, and meete mee to morrow night in Eastcheape, there hee sup: farewell.

*Poy.* Farewell my Lord.

*Exit Poyes.*

*Prince.* I know you all, and will a while vphold:  
The vnyokt humor of your idlenesse:  
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,  
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes  
To smother vp his beauty from the world,  
That when hee please againe to see himselfe,  
Being wanted, hee may bee more wondred at  
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.  
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,  
To sport would bee as tedious as to worke;  
But when they seldome come, they wisht for, come,  
And nothing pleaseh but rare accidents:  
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By

By how much better then my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,  
And like bright metall on a fullen ground,  
My reformation glittering o're my fault,  
Shal shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Then that which hath no soyle to set it off.  
He so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,*

*Sir Walter Blunt, with others.*

*King.* My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,  
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities,  
And you haue found me; for accordingly,  
You tread vpon my patience: but be sure  
I will from henceforth rather bee my selfe,  
Mighty, and to be feared, then my condition  
Which hath beene smooth as oyle; soft as yong downe,  
And therefore lost that Title of respect,  
Which the proud soule ne're payes but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house (my soueraigne Liege) little deserues  
The scourge of greatnesse to bee vsed on it,  
And that same greanesse too, which our owne hands  
Haue hope to make so portly.

*Nor.* My Lord.

*King, Worcester,* get thee gone, for I doe see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremp tory,  
And Maiesty might neuer yet endure  
The moody frontier of a seruants brow,  
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we neede  
Your vse and counsell, we shall send for you.

*Exit Wor.*

*Nor.* Yea my good Lord,  
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,  
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* tooke,  
Where as he sayes, not with such strength denide,  
As he deliuered to your Maiesty.  
Eyther enuy therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault and not my sonne.

B 2

*Hot.*